WHEN BOB'S AWAY AT SCHOOL

Ah, dear delightful season, all Bweet time when silence soft doth fall

As falls the floating leaf! Tis ushered in with slam of gate And out with flying stool, And quietude doth rule in state

When Bob's away at school. Upon the porch the tabby cat With blinking eyes doth doze,

In tranquil dreams forgetting the Her life's a round of woes, And Towser, stretched upon the gram, In visions of the pool,

Forgets to bark at feet which pass While Bob's away at school.

What blessed charm enfolds the house Throughout that season rare! Each buzzing fly and cheeping mouse Sleeps sound within its lair. The elms beside the garden gate, So freshly green and cool, Scarce stir their giant limbs sedate

When Bob's away at school.

But all too soon it fades away. 'Hi, Towser! Sic her, sir Puss leaps the fence, a dash of gray. Towser just a yellow blur! Bang! goes the door. In runs the lad!

And yet the chap's a fool Who'd not be just a little glad When Bob comes home from school!

-Richard Stillman Powell in Puck.

It Was Kept by a Girl

By Owen Oliver.

I had vowed never to enter the Dormers' house again, but when they sent word that Maisle was dving I went there as fast as a hansom would carry me. We had always been such friends, the child and I.

She was propped up in bed with pillows, and her pretty face was pale and drawn, but she smiled when she saw me. I took her wasted hand in mine and kissed her cheek.

"I was sure you would come," she said in a faint, pleased voice

"Of course," I answered; "of course, my dear child." She was only 14. "There is no quarrel between you and me." We had remained good friends when the rest of the family cut me

"We never have quarreled," she said, bolding my hand tightly. "There isnot much time to quarrel now. You won't, will you. Fred?" I shook my head. A lump in my throat kept me from speaking. "Promise me before I tell you-something."

"My poor little Maisle!" I cried brokenly. "I promise." She had been a pet of mine from the days when she was a toddling baby and I a big, awkward boy.

"It is very secret," she stated in a slow, faroff voice. "My dear, it is only for Fred." Her mother shook up the pillows and left us alone, but Maisie seemed unable to make up her mind to

"You know I would do anything for you, little girl," I said soothingly. Her eyes brightened, and she nodded, but the smile died gradually away.

"Turn me over a little." she entreated, "and pull the corner of the pillow over my face. I can't tell you if you look at me." So I turned her very gen-4ly, but she still said nothing.

'Well, May?" I asked. "You used to be fond of me?" "I am fond of you. I shall never

have any one to replace you, dear." "Suppose I had done something dreadful-something that hurt you?" "I should know that you could not

"Something mean?" Her voice almost broke.

"You couldn't." "Ah, but suppose I had?"

"Then," I said firmly, "I should know It was just a slip, like we all makelike I make sometimes. I should not blame you, little one." I stroked her

my fanciful little friend. "Will you promise to forgive me, dear Fred?" she asked pleadingly. "If there is anything to forgive."

"There is." "Then, whatever it is, I forgive you. So you need not tell me now.' "I must," she said resolutely. "It is

about you and Lucy-when you quarreled." She stopped abruptly. "Yes?" Lucy was her elder sister. We had been engaged.

"You wrote her an explanation-a satisfactory explanation."

"Apparently she did not think so. She never answered the letter that I

gave you to deliver." "She never had it," said Maisle, with

"Maisie!" "I-I kept it." She burled her face

"I read it first. Then I burned it." "But-why?" "Because I was a coward," she sobbed-"because I-oh, Fred, forgive me! Don't despise me more than you can help." A light flashed into my mind.

I bent over her and kissed her cheek. "My little Maisie!" I said tenderly. "My poor, loving, little girl! You cared and be friends for her sake." so much as that for me!"

marry Lucy, and we were good friends, averted from me. and I grew up-oh, Fred, I shan't grow up now!" I put my arms round her and held her close to me.

"If you get well, May," I said, "and grow up, I shall like you better than anybody." She laughed faintly. believe I always did." I wiped her ed. It was immaterial. "I knew that

"I shan't," she said. "So-you will like her again, now, won't you?" I hesitated. My affection for Lucy died a natural death. It had never for had hurt and surprised me. In the been very deep. Neither, I fancled, letter I had particularly asked Lucy to had hers for me.

"Time will prove," I said slowly. "I doubt if she"-

"She does," said Malsie, "Has she told you so?"

"Yes." I frowned. "You have not told her -about the letter?' She shook her head. "Then I never will. It is useless your asking me to do so."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave enough." She buried her face. want them to think well of me," she eried piteously, "when-when I"

"Oh, Maisie, don't!" The tears were in my eyes. "But you will be good to her? You will make it up-won't you? You need

not tell her about me-only say that you are sorry and want to be friends. Then you can be engaged again, and -and-some day"- Her lips quiver-"Marry her?" She nodded. "But If I no longer care for her? If I know

tove? My dear little playfellow and So I waited to hear what he profriend, I am not half so fond of Lucy as I am of you." "Ah!" She looked at me with big,

deep eyes. "I am only a child. There Fred." The wistful affection in the child's face touched me to the heart, and I kissed her frail hands.

"Get better, little one, and see," I said brokenly. Then we sat in silence for a long time, holding hands. "I am getting sleepy, Fred," she murmured. "Kiss me." I kissed her

several times, and she went smilingly to sleep, with her cheek against my arm and her hand in my hand. Mrs. Dormer came in, but I sat motionless for an hour, till the child's grasp relaxed, and I could draw myself away without waking her.

"I shall come tomorrow morning." I whispered. Her mother nodded constrainedly, and I went out on tiptoe. Lucy met me at the bottom of the stairs.

"I have something to tell you," she said, "if you will spare me a minute." I bowed and followed her into the empty dining room. She sank into an armchair by the fireside, and I stood by the mantelpiece, looking down upon her. It seemed strange to be so near to her and so indifferent to the fact. For one thing was clear to methat if I had every really loved Lucy Dormer, I loved her no longer. We were quite unsuited to one another, and if I married her it would merely be a useless sacrifice of two lives.

"I treated you badly," she said abreason for the admission. "There were things," I said, "that

needed explanation." "Some things are beyond explanation."

"Perhaps they are better left so." "One can ask forgiveness." There was a faint note of entreaty in her voice. I fidgeted impatiently with a little ornament on the mantelshelf. If I asked for forgiveness she would give

more "If one desires forgiveness," I said. at length. It sounded brutal, but it might avoid worse things.

"You!" I said with astonishment "You! What have I to forgive you?" She toyed with her handkerchief.

"Oh!" she cried, "I do."

"I thought Maisie would tell you. The child was always so fond of you." So she knew.

"Maisle has told me," I said gravely. "Lucy, it is right to be frank. I have discovered that my little playfellow, child as she is, has the best love that I can ever give to any one." She looked at me in surprise. Then she laughed scornfully.

"I see," she said. "You want an excuse. You might invent one without taking my poor little sister's name in

"It is no excuse," I said firmly. We looked at one another for a minute in silence.

"Then," she said, "I did not hurt long, silky hair and thought how I you. I am glad." She stamped her should miss her. I had never fully foot passionately. "No, no, I am not.

realized before how very fond I was of I am sorry-sorry, do you hear?" I shrugged my shoulders. "There is no more to say?" I sug-

gested. "No more to say," she echoed faintly.

I walked to the door. "Fred!" she cried abruptly. "I must say it. Listen to me if you will not forgive."

"Forgive!" I asked. "What have I to forgive?" She looked at me in apparent bewilderment.

"Do you not know that I never told my people of your explanation; that I let all the blame rest on you?"

"My letter!" I cried. "My letter!" "The letter you sent to Maisie?"

"She gave it to you?" "Of course she gave it to me," said Lucy, opening her eyes wide. "Why not?" I ought to have known. My brave little girl!

"Maisle told me that she never gave In the pillow. I was too astonished for you the letter, Lucy; that all the blame words, but I kept stroking her hair. was hers," I walked to the window and looked out for a time in silence,

broken by Lucy's sobs. "She told you-that-just to-screen me," she said brokenly.

"Yes." I could not say more for the moment. Presently I walked back to the fire. "God bless her!" I said softly. "Let us say no more about it, Lucy,

Lucy wiped her eyes and looked into "I thought, perhaps, if you didn't the fire. Then she spoke with her eyes

"When we quarreled, it was only what I had for some time intended." "Your reason?" I asked mechanically. 1 did not really care.

"Some one else was a better match. "I I-I did not like him so well." I bowmy people would disapprove of my breaking our engagement for this reason. They were fond of you."

"I was for 1 of them." Their behav show them my explanation, whether she accepted it or not.

"Consequently I was glad, or though

I was, when I heard something about you which gave me an excuse to quar-

rel. "It was false, as I told you in the letter."

"As you told me in the letter. Therefore I did not answer the letter or tell my parents, but let the blame rest on For every resolution made and broken. you." She shivered.

"Do not trouble about it any more," I said, not unkindly. "The bitterness

is over now." "Yes," she said, "It is over. I refused him after all. You do not ask But seldom are we outwardly rewarded me why. Perhaps you do not wish to know? I shook my head.

"I do not wish to know." She nodded to the fire. "But I forgive you, Lucy." She nodded again. There was nothing more to say, since I could not say what she wished. So I turned to go. But there was a knock at the front door and or thorns on which remorseful thought reposes that I can never love her as I could I heard some one say "The doctor." nounced.

After a few minutes he came down the stairs talking to Mrs. Dormer.

"It is a natural sleep," he said. "The are different kinds of fondness, dear pulse is steadier and the temperature more normal. The odds are still against her, but there is hope." The tears came to my eyes at last

> and Lucy came and put her hand on my shoulder. "You can win her back to life, Fred," she said; "our little girl. Stay till she wakes," I had already resolved to

> I went up stairs and sat with my elbow on her bed and my face on my hand, watching my little favorite. Presently her mother came and knelt

beside me. "Lucy has told me all, Fred," she whispered. "You-you will not tell the others?"

"I will not." I promised. When my little girl awoke she was not looking toward me.

"Better, dear?" asked her mother. "Why, yes," she haghed feebly. "It must be Fred. 1 en buow. I believe he would make well If he were often be-

"He will be, I ' I said softly. She . . . . a happy cry and I wh what I knew and other t were only for her and me. They . . . . he things that won her back to life, she says, when we talk of such matters,

We do not talk of them very often, for Maisie is young and shy and still at school. But her people understand ruptly. I raised my eyebrows. After and leave us alone together, and now Maisie's confession there seemed no and then our thoughts peep out. I remember that they did so upon the night of Lucy's wedding, for she married the "better match," after all. Maisie came to see me out, of course, and helped me into my coat and tried laughingly to shake me, and I put my arm around her and kissed her several times, instead of the usual once, and not quite in the usual brotherly way. "There will be another wedding one

day," I said. "Won't there, little sweet-She buried her head on my shoulder

and whispered "I hope so." Meanwhile people speak of me as a confirmed bachelor, and laugh when I tell them that I am waiting for "Miss Right" to grow.

But "Miss Right" is 16 now, and done growing, and wears her hair up and her dresses long and our good nights are steadily growing lengthier and less fraternal. Dear little Maisie!-Chicago Herald.

How Field Apologized. While in a peculiar mood one day the late Stephen J. Field severely repri-

manded Page Henry McCall for an offense of which the page was innocent. But the member of the highest court in the land could not be persuaded that his course was not the correct one. McCall left humiliated, but he was a little gentleman and held his peace. Later in the day Justice Field sent or McCall.

"Come to my house at 7 o'clock this

evening," was all he said. With mingled feelings of doubt and despair the page called at the Field residence at the time specified, was ushered into the jurist's library and told to hold the books which Mr. Field began, without explanation or ceremony, to take from the shelves.

When the veteran lawyer had pulled about 15 volumes in to Page McCall's arms, he gruffly remarked:

"Henry, I'm very sorry for the way I reated you today. I realize that my conduct was unwarranted, and I beg your pardon. Here are some choice books. Keep them as a nucleus for your library. Keep them, young man, and-keep your temper, too, whatever you do! Good night!"-Exchange.

A Tart Response.

A certain doctor had occasion, when only a beginner in the medical profession, to attend a trial as a witness. The opposing counsel, in cross examining the young physician, made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability of so young a man to understand his busi-

Finally he asked, "Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?" "I do," replied the doctor.

"Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Baging, and myself were to bang our heads together-should we get concussion of he brain?"

"Your learned friend, Mr. Baging, might," said the doctor. Training Canaries.

In the canary breeding establishments of Germany only the male birds are valued, because the females never sing. The method of training the birds to sing is to put them in a room where there is an automatic whistle, which they all strive to imitate. The breeder listens to the efforts of the birds and picks out the most apt pupils, which are then placed in another room for further instruction. These are the best singers and ultimately fetch high

prices.-Berlin Correspondence.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

Suppose for every act of love and duty An angel in the path of life should lay A levely rose of sweet perfume and beauty-Ah, even then how bare would be the way!

Suppose for every kindly word unspoken. For every fault which careless hands had done, A thorn beneath our erring feet had grown-

Ah, then the way would be one stretch of anguish, With only here and there a flower to cheer; Our feet would falter and our spirits languish, And life would be a burden bard to bear

According to the deeds which we have done; 'The pure in heart' are by the world discarded, The wicked harvest where the good have sown

Who strives to keep us from the paths forbidder And in the parrow way where faith may be. His name is Conscience, and he brings us roses-Sweet roses, borrowed from the brow of peace-

Regrets whose sharp tormentings never cease

There comes an angel, whom we cannot see,

And yet to every heart in darkness hidden

Then let us strive temptation's storm to weather; Let every thought and every died improve Till Conscience finds no cruel thorns to gather, But crowns the soul with joy and peace and

-T. Russell Sheldon in Richmond Religious Her

Polly at the Phone. One West Madison street druggist lost a customer through his fondness for pets. He has a large green parrot, and the cage is hung near the telephone, with the result that Polly has become quite proficient in "telephone talk" and furnishes much amusement to the customers who have the time to stop and

listen. The other day a stylishly dressed young lady came rustling into the store and asked permission to use the phone. The druggist pointed to the rear of the store, and she started in that direction. The store was rather dark, and when she heard some one apparently talking into the receiver she seated herself on a chair to wait.

"Hello central-hello, hello-yes, give me four-double-eight express. Yes, hello; who is that? Oh, yes; what, yes; hello, I say; no, I didn't get that; is that so? Well, goodby; ring off. Hello,

tions. Then she rose and advanced with a

the telephone all day. "Why, that's only the parrot; he"-But the front door had slammed before he could finish his sentence. -- Chicago News.

Wanted to See That Foot.

given in Mr. G. W. E. Russell's recent where fevers prevail. book, "Collections and Recollections:"

marks, or to leave it to their own good feeling.

of his physical peculiarity, so as to

avoid their making embarrassing re-

the princess royal asked the queen: "Where is Lord --- ?" "He has gone back to London, dear."

"Oh, what a pity! He had promised to show Bertie and me his foot!' They had caught him in a quiet spot and made their own terms with the to be successful.

His Half Way Scheme.

Not long ago a Pittsburg life insurance agent persuaded a Chinaman to take out a policy of \$5,000. The latter had no clear idea of the transaction, but understood that on paying the premiums promptly he would be entiagent tried to explain to him that he from the water a small germ the size of a

Next day the injured man's brother distinguish sounds at a distance of 15 was at the insurance office with a claim | miles.—Denver Republican. for \$2,500. "You're not entitled to anything on this," said the insurance

agent, "until the man is dead." "Doctol say him half dled," answered the brother. "Why he no glet lat half?"

Good Horse Sense. The Mexican burros ascertain where to dig for water by closely observing prays for leave to render an account as the surface of the ground. One observer writes:

"We had found water in an arroya of a sufficient quantity to make coffee, when we saw three burros searchdry sand. Having dug a hole something over a foot in depth, he backed out and watched it intently. To our surprise it soon began to fill with water. Then he advanced, took a drink and stepped aside for his companions drank from their well and found the for three weeks prior to the day set for water to be much cooler than any we had found for many a day. There is no witcheraft about Mexican burros, but they have good horse sense."

Crasy to Expect It. Harduppe-Say, old fellow, lend me a hundred, will you?

Riggs-A hundred what? Harduppe-A hundred dollars. I-Riggs-Oh, stop your joking. Harduppe (earnestly)-Joking? I was never more serious in my life. I'm

broke. Riggs-My dear man, you're not broke. You're cracked!-Catholic Standard and Times.

HAVE EYES AND SEE NOT. Everyday Matters That Some People

"Can you tell me if collections of the mail are made today?" asked an elderly man of a young man in a Pennsylvanta avenue news store last Sunday. "Yes; there are several collections made in this city on Sunday," was the

Seem Never to Notice.

Buswer. "Do you know the hour?"

"My friend, in front of this store is a mail box, and on the front of it is to be found a card with the hours of daily collection neatly tabulated. Examine it."

"Thanks." "This is an example why some of the old men are pushed to the wall in the struggle for life and why it is not always the old practitioner who is the best," said the young man. "For a man of apparently 70 to ask in the city of Washington such a question as that gentleman just addressed to me is little short of criminal and well exemplifies how woefully deficient some people are with reference to matters of common knowledge which ought to be in the pessession of every schoolboy

at the age of 10. "There are certain wrinkles of met ropolitan life that some people seem never to grasp. The running leeway of the street cars, their termini, the Degner's Hardware Store streets through which they pass and the districts they tap, the running time between Washington and the principal cities of the railroads, a thorough knowledge of the environments of the city, the major questions of the mall service and a thousand and one matters which, if not directly ac- An Excellent Opportunity! quired by learning should be by absorption, ought to be at the finger tips of every person who enjoys the priv ilege of metropolitan life."-Washington Star.

A VALUABLE WILD BEAST.

The Gorilla la Rard to Capture and

Always In Demand. "At the present time there is no wild central; hello, hello; give me"-and so animal in such great demand for exhibion and so on through several repeti- tion purposes as the gorilla," said a dealer in all kinds of wild beasts in New York to the writer the other day. "A stately air to the clerk and asked if he full grown gorilia stands about 4 feet 6 thought "that person" intended to use inches high and it worth from \$1,200 to \$1,500. They sell easily for such prices, owing to the fact that they are rare and very difficult to capture. Chiefs in the interior of Africa have been offered large sums if they would succeed in catching one of these beasts. Numbers of little gorillas have been captured at various times, but they have always pined away On the principle that to some persons and died in a short time. The chief diffieven old stories are new, this one, of culty about the cupture of the gorilla is the royal princelings of England, is that he lives in very unhealthy districts,

"A white man bas to fight the climate ook, "Collections and Recollections:"
An English gentleman who had a detailed by the well known forceity of the gorilla, he formed foot was going to visit the is regarded with a superstitious awe by queen at Osborne, and before his arrival the natives, who have a legend to the ef the queen and Prince Albert debated feet that this terrible beast carries away whether it would be well to warn the the women to the jungles. They also regannaranananananananananananang deals in wild bearts perished in the wilds of Africa while seeking gorillas.

"It may seem samprising to an Ameri The latter course was adopted. Lord can, equipped with all the appliances of - duly arrived. The foot elicited no science for the subjugation of the animal | IF GOING EAST OR SOUTH remark from the royal children, and the kingdom, that it is almost impossible to visit passed off with success. Next day capture and cage a gorilla. But if his fearful strength & considered and his wonderful shyness 't will prove to be not so much a matter of surprise at all. All kinds of suggestions have been made to hunters with regard to the devices to be used, such as traps, pitfalls and like ap pliances, but none of these has proved

"One of the largest gorillas ever cap tured belongs to the zoological gardens in London. The thimal stands 4 feet 9 inches high. It is so valuable that offers of \$1,800 and \$2,700 have been made

without acceptance."-Washington Star

One Whale With Teeth. Speaking of whates, an old whaler says there are 27 kinds, but one of which has tled to \$5,000 some time. He began teeth. The others tre provided with 365 bothering the agent for the money after layers of bone in the jaws. On this bone a couple of weeks had passed, and the are hairs an inch long, which separate would have to die before he could get wheat grain, called trett. This is the only it. The Chinaman fell down a cellar. food on which the lunge animal lives. He way and was badly hurt. His friends says that the throat of a whale is but the tried to attend to him without calling will hold 25 people, and it is on this acin a doctor. When they did call one in count that many think the whale takes two days later, the doctor was angry. in bundreds of barrels of water. Although 'Why didn't you call me sooner?" he the ear of a whale is but the size of a finasked. "This man is half dead now." ger tip, he says he has known them to

> Order for Hearing of Final Account. In the matter of the estate of M. E. Andrus, deceased.

In the county court of Madison county, Nebraska. Now on the 13th day of December, 1900, came Burt Mapes the administrator, de bonis non, of said estate, and

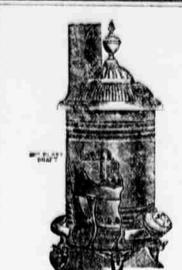
It is therefore ordered that the 16th

such administrator.

day of January, 1901, at one o'clock p. m. at my office in Madison, be fixed as the time and place for examining and allowing such account. And the heirs ing for water. They passed several of said deceased, and all persons interdamp places, examining the ground est d i said estate, are required to closely, when the leader halted near us appear at the time and place so desigand began to paw a hole in the hot, nated, and show cause, if such exists, why said account should not be allowed. It is further ordered that said Burt Mapes, administrator, de bonis non. give notice to all persons interested in said estate by causing a copy of this order to be published in the North NEWS-JOURNAL a newspaper printed to drink. When they went away, we and in general circulation in said county

> said hearing. In testimony whereof I have here unto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 18th day of December, 1900.
> (SEAL.) WM. BATES (SEAL) County Judge.

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